The Bystander, May 24, 1916.—No. 651. Vol. L

The BYSTANDER

"LEAVE"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

WHY NOT INQUIRE FIRST?

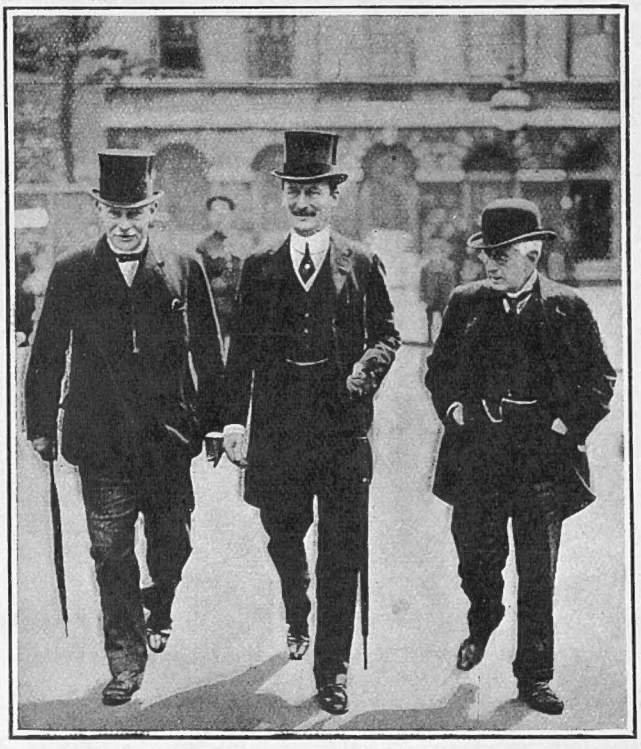
The Very Last Commission

WHEN the New Zealander (Macaulay's, not the Anzac variety) comes to London and contemplates the ruins of St. Paul's he will not be alone, as officially rumoured, but one of four. The other three will be the Commission of Inquiry appointed by the last dying Briton (probably a lawyer politician, always the last to die) to inquire into the cause of the destruction.

⁂ ⁂

Intelligent Unanticipation

AT the present moment, there are as many Commissions of Inquiry into Ministerial miscalculations and military mishaps as there are dregs in a bad bottle of wine. The last two to get to work are the Air Commission and the Irish Commission. Britain finds herself consumed with admiration for the ease with which men possessed of trained minds are produced, as out of the air, to sit in judgment on anybody and anything at a moment's notice; but what I am myself puzzled to know is why all these highly competent gentlemen were not asked to make their inquiries *before* rather than after the muddles arose that they are inquiring into. What possesses this nation of ours that it seems so hopelessly to lack the power of anticipation?



THE IRISH GRAND INQUISITORS

Mr. Justice Shearman, Lord Hardinge, and Sir Mackenzie Chalmers leaving the first sitting of the Commission of Inquiry into the Irish rebellion—and who was responsible for it

⁂ ⁂

A Little Catalogue

IT isn't as though the misfortunes that have come upon us—such as, for instance, Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, Ireland, the Zeppelins, Recruiting, Labour troubles, food prices, and so on and so forth—were the result of the wrath of the Almighty, suddenly vented upon a sinful people when they were not looking. Each one of these subjects must have been well inscribed on the War Book years before there looked any likelihood of war with anybody.

⁂ ⁂

The Business Man's Way—

IF the ordinary business man had been suddenly asked to take charge of a war with Germany and Turkey, the first thing he would certainly have done would have been to scour the country for everybody who was possessed of special knowledge on the various possible problems, so that he might have a general idea of what was before him to help him to *prevent* misfortunes and disastrous surprises.

⁂ ⁂

—And the Politicians'

WITH our precious rulers, how much trouble was taken at the outset of the war to summon any such special assistance to their aid? Was not the whole country only too ready and feverishly anxious to help in every possible way? Did not every man who had special knowledge of any subject under the sun likely to come up in the course of the war write to Somebody in Authority offering his services? With what result? The usual printed refusal, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Only "too late"—after the inevitable accident has happened — does the Government find itself wishing it had had the expert's advice before it took this or that of its fatal courses.

⁂ ⁂

The Way to Make a Plan

SUPPOSE Mr. Asquith had gone to Ireland *before* rebellion had broken out? Suppose Lord Montagu, Mr. Joynson Hicks, etc., had been called into consultation *before* the Zeps began to drop bombs? Suppose *before* going to Gallipoli, or Mesopotamia, or Macedonia, every man who knew the topography or ethnography of those regions had been asked to step up to Whitehall? Would there not then have been a chance of some coherent plan being drawn up?

⁂ ⁂

No Experts Wanted

THERE is no department of the war where expert assistance has not been refused time after time. Only after disaster has overtaken us, do the authorities seem to awaken, and then up goes a Committee of Inquiry, the evidence before which (as in the case of the Irish Inquiry last week) invariably records that the authorities were warned and warned and warned of the imminence of danger, yet were blind and deaf and palsied until—too late.

(Continued on page 333)

The Political 'En-Tout-Cas'

ASQUITH THE ADAPTABLE: "Now some people would worry themselves about a little thing like this! but, bless your heart, it's a mere 'flag-day' to a man of my stamp!"

"Use Us Where We Could be Useful"

At the moment of writing there are being herded helter-skelter into the ranks all over the country mature and experienced business men of expert knowledge. They go willingly enough, it is true; but from how many thousands of lips is not going up the same cry: "If only they'd employ us in something where we could really be of use we would gladly sacrifice home, income, and all else!"

⁂ ⁂

Calmly Accepting Orders

I confess to some disappointment at the net yield of humour of the Summer Time Act. We have joked about it wi' deeficulty indeed. People are alleged to exist who forgot to alter their timepieces—but I don't believe in them. There is also something about some conscientiously objectionable cows in Northamptonshire, which I also repudiate. The joke has failed. The change has been accepted by the public with the same limp impotence as were the Early Closing and No-Treating orders. The British Public nowadays just doesn't exist, and the people who are trying to make out that it does are merely those who in peace-time, just about now, would have been discovering the sea serpent.

⁂ ⁂

The Cranks Asleep for Once

As changes can come so easily, when are the other cranks going to begin to get busy? So far, only the Calendar Reform gentleman seems to have come out of his nest. One may listen in vain for the croak of the bi-metallist, the hoot of the single-taxer, and the low soft croon of the advocate of the metric system. Why so coy?

(*Continued on page 335*)

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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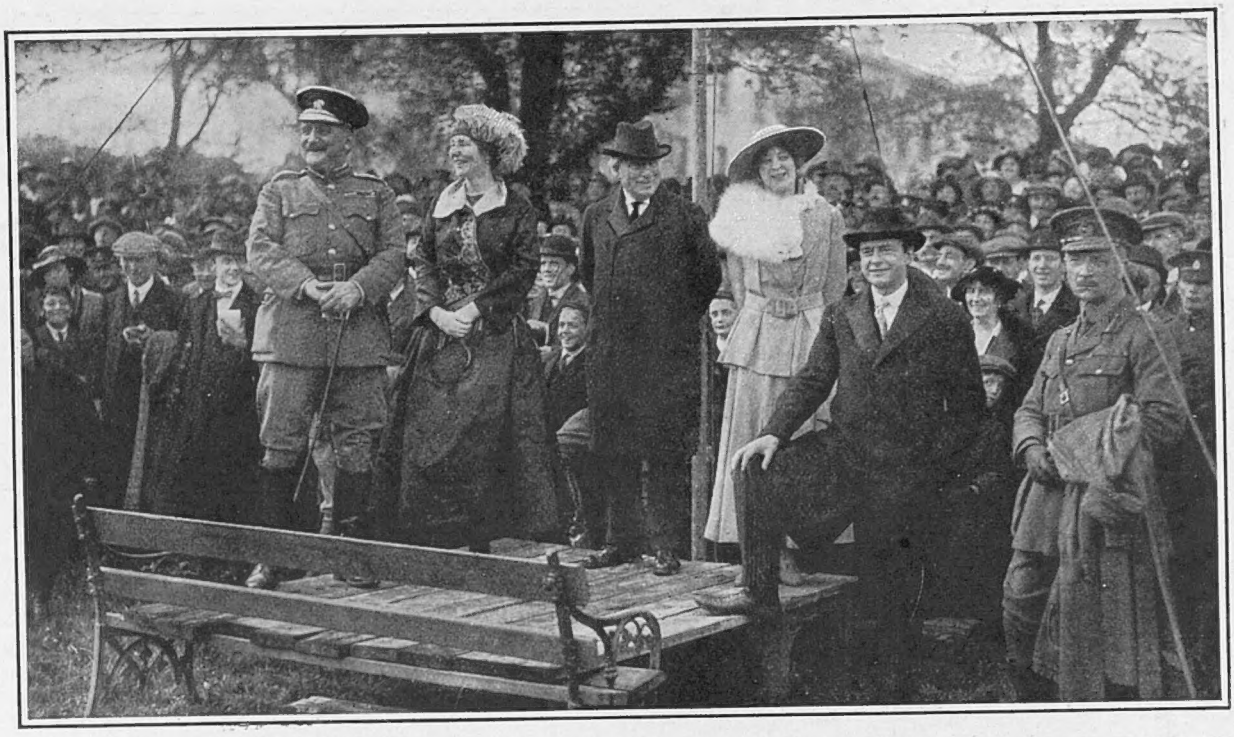
BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 333)

Wait and—Smile



AT THE SALUTING BASE

General Maxwell, Lady Wimborne, Mr. Asquith, and Mrs. Bonham-Carter at the Review of two Dublin Officers Training Corps, which both did good work in the suppression of the recent rebellion

The Fly and the Hammer

POSSIBLY Mr. Pemberton Billing richly deserved the fate that befel him in Parliament when the House walked out during his speech. Mr. Billing, if he wants it, has at least this consolation—if his status in the air is that of a mere insect, it has taken a veritable foundry of sledge-hammers to crush him.

❋ ❋

"A Famous Victory"

THAT the dignified organs of the two-party Combine, which has six hundred odd Members of Parliament in its pocket as well as all the offices of State and the control of the land and sea forces of the Empire, should rejoice so wildly at the downfall of one solitary man, shows what a very frightened lot of people control them. How the country would rejoice if those same organs could boast occasionally of a "victory" over some enemy more substantial than poor Mr. Billing.

❋ ❋

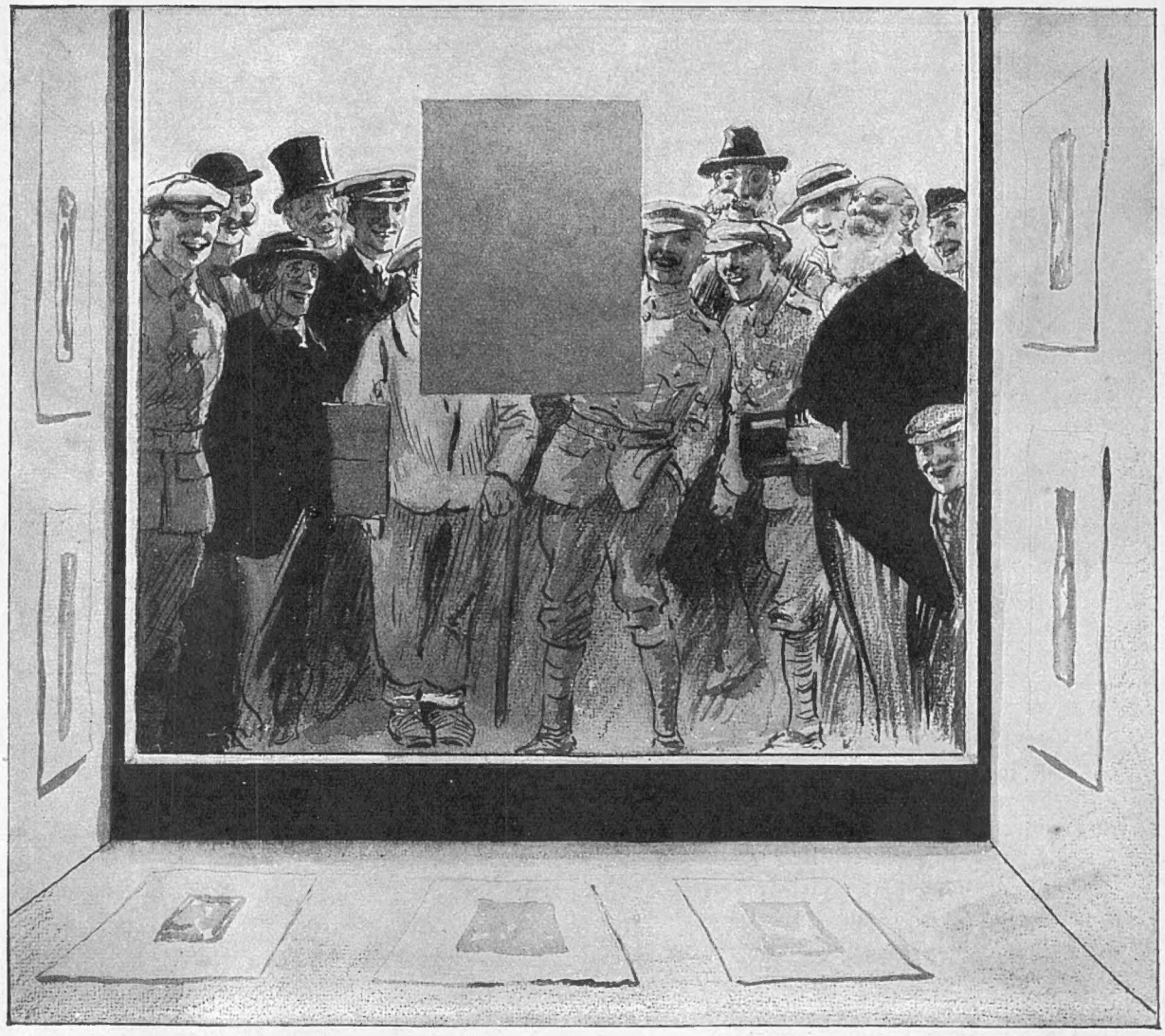
"Fragments from France"

"YOU are rising to be a factor in the situation." So writes a very well-known soldier-politician to Captain Bairnsfather. To be able to realise the general extent of the Bairnsfather muse, readers of these lines should step in any day this week to the *Graphic* Galleries, 190, Strand, where the whole set of "Fragments from France" originals are on exhibition.

FROM KHAKI TO MUFTI

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales once again in London—a change in dress and in surroundings from his recent travels in Egypt, Italy and France

He Draws the Pictures—and the Crowd



A sketch from inside of the crowd before the windows of 190, Strand, where the Bairnsfather War Pictures are now on exhibition

Bairnsfather: By "Blanche"

A REAL how-to-be-cheerful-in-war-time show is the Bairnsfather Exhibition at the *Graphic* Galleries, 190, Strand. The world turned up in force to see and smile—and be conquered. For there is truly something irresistible about the side of the war as Captain Bairnsfather sees it, and as a soldierman said to me yesterday—"When I'm *very* depressed I get out the Bairnsfather pictures. And that cures me!"

⁂ ⁂

As for me, I never can decide which I like best, though I have, of course, my favourites, and "If you knows of a better 'ole, go to it!" is now a familiar catchword in Flanders. Nervous No. 999888 Pte. Bloggs (on sentry go), feeling he has at last stumbled across the origin of that objectionable expression, "There'll be dirty work at the cross-roads to-night," is rather a pet, also A.D. 1950 (Two Bearded Old Warriors in the Trenches): "I see the War Babies Battalion is a'coming out," and The Eternal Question (Disgusted Tommy opening the usual tin of plum and apple): "When the 'ell is it goin' to be strawberry!" But the best of all, perhaps is:

SENTRY: "Who goes there?"

HE WITH BUNDLE: "You shut yer —— mouth or I'll——come and knock yer —— head off."

SENTRY: "Pass friend!"

That tears it!

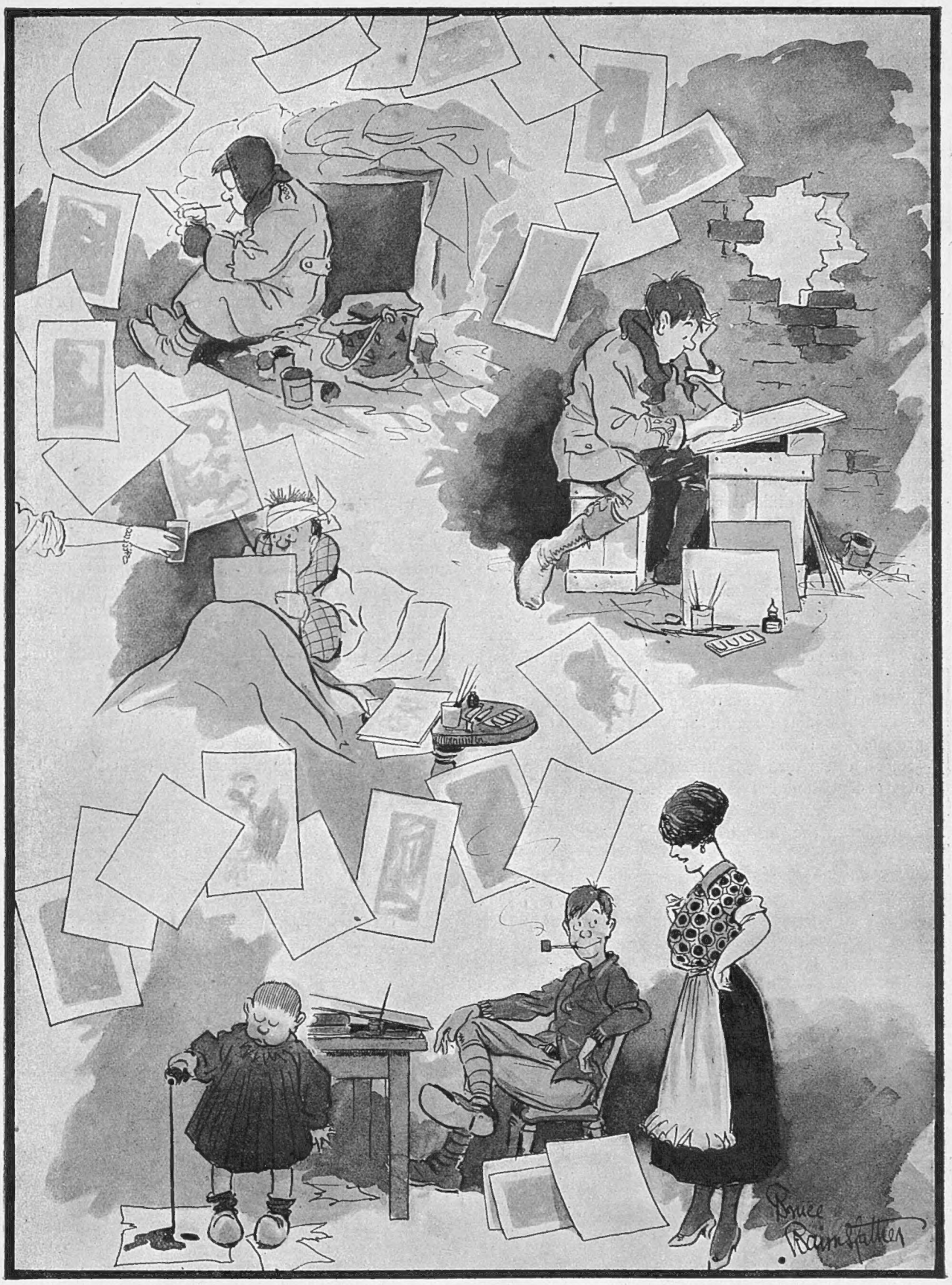
BLANCHE

"FRAGMENTS *from* FRANCE."

EXHIBITION

of Original Drawings Now Open at "The Graphic" Gallery, 190 Strand, London, W.C.

How They Are Produced



A few trials incidental to the production of those "Fragments from France," which appear weekly in this journal, the originals of which are now on exhibition at 190, Strand

FROM CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *May* 22, 1916.
DEAR COUSIN—

THE Prime Minister quite enjoyed his visit to Ireland. Great rest from the worries of Westminster, anyway, and Viceregal Lodge, even in war-time, under the wealthy Wimborne *régime*, is a very comfy place for anyone with a touch of the Lucullan in his tastes. It wasn't, you know, *only* conferring with soldiers and people, and interviewing rebel prisoners from behind barbed wire. At that review he went to with Lady Wimborne—in the very last word in crinoline-y frocks—it must have been difficult, mustn't it, to remember that there'd been in that "little bit of heaven" only so *very* lately any "bloody war" (Shakespeare) at all?

"Women have to take their parts, and even wear their clothes for them"

❀ ❀

AND, of course, rumour's been rife about who's to be the new Viceroy, if that's what they're going to call him—perhaps we shall know for certain by the time you get this letter. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Lord Derby, "Lulu" Harcourt, and Mr. Tennant were just a few of the names suggested, but as none of them want to a bit they'll probably find someone more obscure to take the £20,000 a year for representing the Majesty of Britain over in Dublin and giving garden-parties and things—though there's not very much of that expected, of course, with the war on.

❀ ❀

"OF course, none of you people have the faintest idea of how serious the whole thing was," a soldierman's just written me from somewhere in the South. "We didn't know ourselves till we got up there. In the South and West everything's been very quiet, and down here the rising broke down owing to the prompt way an R.I.C. sergeant arrested two of the ringleaders who came along to procure the release of Sir Roger Casement—by the way, is it true the Government are really going to restore his pension and confirm him in his title?

❀ ❀

"POOR old Ireland! Wonder how it is it's always such an easy prey for any scoundrel, if he's only bad enough. Hell for society, heaven for climate, and Ireland for agitators about sums it up, I think."

❀ ❀

TERRIFIC competition, by the way, to get into Bow Street for the Casement trial. It's not every day there's a trial for high treason, and I don't suppose lawyers'll miss any opportunity, while it's on, of airing their knowledge of the antique phrases of Edward III.'s time they have to try him under, apparently, spite of the new law that says even legal phraseology's got to be put in understandable English. Didn't they say at a spy trial only last year that he'd been "seduced by the devil"?

❀ ❀

BUT, anyway, the law's delays are going to have their run all right. Seems that what with the "preliminary investigation" and presenting a bill to a Grand Jury, the real proper trial before the Lord Chief can't possibly happen for weeks and weeks and weeks, and there are, of course, people who think it's a bit off that "a nation at war should be burdened by the ancient inheritance of such elaborate and dilatory procedure," as someone puts it. They had more leisure in the spacious days of Edward III., who had plenty of time for all sorts of little diversions like picking up ladies' garters and instituting orders thereof.

❀ ❀

BUT lots of other things are going on for those of us who couldn't get into Bow Street. Two more flag days for such as can still bear them, and the usual round of charity matinées, all the limit in smartness—Royalty to give the respectable touch, the rich to fill the stalls, and the smart to sell programmes or walk on. Much less fatiguing than nursing or munitions, and more amusing, too, to act or sell at the charity shows.

"Bomb-throwing with woolly balls. That's a great draw in at least one of the Revues"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (continued from page 338)

AND on the stage some of the choicest Ciroites, such as the Vernon Castles, who've renounced, they say, thousands a week in America to come and do their duty and dance—I mean fly—over here. And some of the real actors and people, too, even more real than usual, some of them. Dear Mr. Henry Ainley must have fairly frightened the birds or—well, anyway the Royalties when he came on as Mark Antony in just a leopard skin, and not a big one at that, at the Shakespeare show.

⁂ ⁂

THOSE Tercent. celebrations are just about finished; and for lighter relief there's a new Daly's production (I expect some of the lads of the village are wangling things a bit, don't you, to get home to see that?), and the "Bing Boys" going strong, another new play somewhere else, and simply heaps of picture shows, every bit as many as in peace-time, and sales and concerts and lectures, and at the Savoy the other night such a binge you couldn't dance. Still keeping our hearts up, aren't we? and people still flocking to all the restaurants though the meals cost them more, same as to the theatres, spite of the ticket tax.

"Much less fatiguing and more amusing, too, to act or sell programmes at charity shows"

⁂ ⁂

BUT, of course, the great idea at all the amusement places is to pretend there isn't a war. Always plenty of khaki and navy blue about. They haven't *quite* all yet

"Gone to do their duty,
Leaving Barking, beer, and beauty,"

as John Humphreys sings in the cheery Palladium revue, "Fun and Beauty." But the nearest they get to anything warlike is the bomb-throwing with woolly balls that's a great draw in at least one of the revues. It's lucky the missiles *are* so soft, because some of our hefty soldiermen are very full of life and spirits, and get *some* vim into their shots at the buxom beauties behind the footlights. Of course, the buxomer they are the better. More scope, so to speak.

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of curves and such-like, it's really rather a trying feature of revue in war-time, the fearful shortage of men and the way women have to take their parts and wear the clothes for them. Eve knew something when she invented draperies—I really can't think of anything more depressing than to sit in a stall and watch a posse of plump young females posturing and prancing about in men's dress. Just a few of us, perhaps, can do it, but we're not those whose "rounded curves" would have appealed to the Victorian.

⁂ ⁂

THOUGH if we pushed on with our war economies at the rate some people say we ought to, we should everyone of us be Burne-Jones beauties in a very little while. I can't say I've noticed it much myself, but there are those, you know, who say we're getting heaps less extravagant. For one, Lady Randolph Churchill, in some essays she's just published.

⁂ ⁂

"HERE in England we were getting into an amazing recklessness of expenditure. In Society extravagance had reached such a pitch that very few marriages took place at all. Once £2,000 a year was considered ample income for a young couple to marry on. But in this twentieth century few of the *jeunesse dorée* would venture to live on such a miserable pittance.

⁂ ⁂

"NOW it's no longer thought a crime to be poor. And it has affected the marriage market. Quite regardless of pounds, shillings, and pence the young soldier of to-day rushes into matrimony before going to the Front or when on leave." With a result—well, patriotically valuable (at least we'll hope so), and, of course, very romantic and dashing and so on, but really, as far as recklessness goes, not much better than before the war.

⁂ ⁂

AND though it mayn't be "a crime to be poor," I assure you it's no more amusing than it used to be in England now; even less if possible, with £1 Treasury Notes worth a good bit less, and everything

(Continued on page 340)

"—The meals cost them more"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded from page 339*)

imaginable that you want to buy at the tippest topmost prices.

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of marriage, I've just been reading the last volume of the big Disraeli life. His wife, though she lived amongst the mid-Victorians, was not what you might call narrow in her views. After Dizzy's triumph on the Reform Bill she got him for supper a raised pie and a bottle of champagne. He ate half the pie and drank all the champagne, and then he said, "Why, my dear, you're more like a mistress than a wife." And she took it, so the historian tells us, as a very high compliment indeed.

⁂ ⁂

BY the way, a man on H.M.S. Indescribable writes to say I might like to know that my letters are appreciated also by mere married men. "I notice none of your correspondents ever confess to being married. But why not? I suppose some of them are, aren't they? Are we mouldy? Oh, Blanche, certainly not!

⁂ ⁂

"MY ship is tucked away in a muddy, remote hole in the Mediterranean, far, far away from short skirts and dainty ankles—for which may the fashion continue, anyway till we can get home to see it. But I must tell you how we uphold the traditions of the blue cloth up here. The other night I went on shore with seven young bachelors—you may be sure I had my hands full. First we had to seek out the local music hall, which most wanted cheering up—that kind of place out here does want bucking up so badly.

⁂ ⁂

"WHEN we got inside half the seats were empty. By the time we had got to work the auditorium was chock-a-block, and we properly boosted up our Allies until they sat up and took a little notice. Afterwards, at a beer and omelette supper, we met a *signorina* whose only English was 'Ye-es, kiss me quick.' So what *was* I to do, married or unmarried? Oh, I forgot to say she did know another word or two. 'Thank you, de-ar,' was the completion of her vocabulary."

⁂ ⁂

WHICH reminds me that a bright young Lieut., who hails from your parts, and whom you have heard of before, tells me that in the north of France, too, there is mud and loneliness, and also it frequently rains, it is dull, grey, and monotonous. But there are, apparently, compensations. "Where I do excel in my new work is ticking off senior officers who have stayed a day longer than they should have done in Paris or Folkestone. For the rest, I sit in my snug little office (there are only eighty-seven sheets of foolscap with various orders on them on the walls) and wait for various papers to sign (I like that sort of 'work.')"

⁂ ⁂

AND between times, seemingly, hies him forth and either takes pretty nurses out to tea or invests in *Trèfle Incarnat*, and sends alluring packages home to——well, anyway, it smells very nice. By the way, talking of presents, another someone in France has sent me a really quite interesting relic—a BYSTANDER blown to pieces by a shell on its way to its owner. "I send it you so you may see how she looks under shell-fire, the only Blanche," says the nice man who sends it, "in a sandbag, for local colour. And will you send me another? I don't see why any Boche gunner should deprive me of your lines." I hope he's got the other, and with lots and lots of thanks.

⁂ ⁂

THE only ones who are out of the movement now, are the poor parsons, aren't they? Compulsion's here at last, thank goodness—nearly two years late, but it's something, I suppose, to have got anything out of a Coalition. And talking of the Church, I'm afraid we haven't been listening to their advice so meekly as we might. That charming palterer the Bishop of London's request to his flock not to eat meat on Thursdays fell flat, with a terrible thud. But men shouldn't interfere, should they, with things they know nothing about? With fish at famine prices and everything else gone up, meat's really about the cheapest thing you can possibly have.

⁂ ⁂

WE'RE all feeling rather pleased with ourselves this week, because of the Daylight Saving Bill. So nice to get up at nine with the inward and uplifting consciousness that really it's only eight. Nothing like early rising for giving one a feeling of virtue, is there?—though it's not *my* favourite way of acquiring it.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

"I AM AT PRESENT STAYING AT A FARM"

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, whose original "Bystander" drawings, "Fragments from France," are now on exhibition at 190, Strand. This picture was taken at the Front, less than a quarter of a mile from the German trenches. Captain Bairnsfather has come "straight off the mud," and is wearing a fur-coat, a Balaclava helmet, and gum boots. Immediately behind him is a hole made by a "Jack Johnson" shell

The Lady of the Veil

THE MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND

Of whom this charming picture is the latest photograph, presented her husband with a son and heir on May 13

Let us be Naughty and Nice!

OR AWAY WITH "RESPECTABILITY"

[*The Editor is in grave doubt whether he should or should not repudiate association with the views of his contributor. He will, therefore, wait and see.*]

SHALL we ever have a chance of being really nice; naughty too (within limits, of course) when we want to be, or, at any rate, *natural* all the time? When our brave lads have laid Prussianism low somewhere across the Channel, will they, I wonder, add to our gratitude by strangling a multitude of intolerable other "isms" that are snugly entrenched at home? Then not only will they rid us of the German menace, but they will free us from the English blight.

BEFORE the war we had a Sunday every week and most of us a horrible silk hat to wear every day. We grew to dread the coming of Sunday, and we always loathed the topper. Sunday in London is still indescribably miserable, and the day is but little less so elsewhere. There is no reason why it should be so, and there is every reason why it should not. Some little progress certainly has been made. There are concerts and things. Yet most people merely overeat themselves simply because they have nothing else to do.

I REFUSE to believe that a Frenchman is less religious than an Englishman. Indeed, I fear that we English are not religious at all. (A sombre black tie as evidence of belief does not convince me. A dull-dog-look in the face is no proof of Christian conduct.) If we were really religious we should light-heartedly wear flannels on Sundays (when the weather permitted) and be merry and bright instead of hanging about like ticket-of-leave men afraid of being pulled up to report at any minute. There is enough cant and personal cowardice in our Sunday solemnity to convict us of hypocrisy every hour of the day. We are afraid of our neighbours and they are afraid of us. We believe that if we are only sufficiently miserable we shall pass muster as being respectable. I am hoping that when our boys come back this insipid "respectability" will go to blazes.

REALLY as one result of a War for Freedom people at home should be free to do as they like. If they wish to be miserable let them be miserable, but let them understand that they are indulging a melancholic perversity and in no way earning religious or social merit. Above all depose wretchedness as the standard of correct demeanour. Place wit and jollity at the head of the cardinal virtues.

GIVE us music and plays, carnival and anything else that a sufficient number of people want. Let us be able to get a cheering drink whenever we feel we should like it. Let the members of the London County Council be locked up in Whitfield's Tabernacle, and give the whole of the police force the jolliest of picnics on the Sussex Downs. If the crowd liked to lynch a Stiggins or two at intervals—well, the *Christian Herald* would be able to compile a new list of martyrs. And everyone would be pleased.

SOME people seem to imagine that if we are prevented from being naughty we are bound to be good. And they themselves define naughtiness. There is a Free Church Council which demands that we must all be Dr. Cliffords and Mr. Meyers. There is a County Council which regards everyone as a budding criminal. There are Bishops who weep over our imagined wantonness and preach of what we might be. And there are plays that we must not see, books that we must not read, and promenades and places where it is damnation to linger. There is a black conspiracy of assassins afoot to strangle the natural living man and set up a plaster saint in his place.

ONE reads of deputations to music-halls of impossibly good people in quest of waywardness. If an eye is too bright it is noted, we may be sure, and if Clarissima passes in search of her long-lost aunt or mistakes the Bishop for her uncle poor Clarissima is the object of a glare. She may even have a sermon levelled at her (not that she would be there to hear it), or a letter to the editor in episcopal heavy type. Now I ask you who is to decide between Clarissima and the Bishop? If the vast majority of us frankly prefer Clarissima (who has a wit of her own and a smile that makes one young again) should we have no say? Is *everything* to be chosen for us and by dreadful old mugwumps whom we do not choose ourselves? And does any sane person imagine that any good comes out of such silliness?

WORLD-WARS in the past have always been followed by great impulses towards freedom. Wonderful big things are being done by men who are quite unknown at the Front. Outrageous little things are being done at home by men who are so big that they should know better. For the better conduct of the war certain highly repressive legislation is necessary, and we all obey it, but there is no reason why every puling long-faced Jack-in-Office should be caught up in the spirit of repression and set about a straight-waistcoat campaign until we are all cramped and numb.

THE apostles of the long-face; the frowning men and women who have ever a hand to lay on a shoulder and who harshly enjoin us to be as frigidly inanimate as themselves—we must finish with them quickly. We must capture our local Councils and bring offending authorities to heel. Spoil-sports and kill-joys might be interned—in Mesopotamia. Kut is the very place for them, with plenty of heat to test their temperance and plenty of water to satisfy it. Dr. Clifford might be a Bishop there and Mr. Meyer anything he pleased. But we do want our own country for ourselves.

FOR'ARD ON

An Auspicious Alliance

Camera Portrait *E. O. Hoppé*

COUNTESS NADA TORBY AND PRINCE GEORGE OF BATTENBERG

Countess Nada Torby is the younger daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and a niece of the Grand Duke Nicolas, Conqueror of the Caucasus. She and her sister, Countess Zia Torby, are well-known and well-liked for the work they have done for the wounded in the war—an occupation to which they have altogether subordinated their love for lawn-tennis. Prince George of Battenberg is the eldest son of Prince Louis of Battenberg, and himself in that Royal Navy which his father did so much to render ready for war

BELLICOSITIES

POLITICIANS who object to strong language refer to the Air M.P. as "the hon. Pember for Billingsgate."

❀

Now that the Hun Government is finding it increasingly difficult to provide sufficient food supplies for the people, you can hardly wonder that the Kaiser has had to look a long way for a candidate for the vacant office of Minister of the Interior.

❀

As the last thing desired by the German Government is to do anything to stimulate the appetite of the people, it is improbable that the appointment as Food Minister will be given to the Burgomaster of Berlin, who rejoices in the appetising name of Herr Vermuth. Worse still; this gentleman might reasonably be suspected of French and Italian sympathies.

❀

As an impressive illustration of the "war-economy," of which we hear so much and see so little, it is stated that the sum of twelve pounds a week frequently represents, nowadays, a dock labourer's wages. Yet to dock labourers' wages, even when they reach this extravagant figure, would no doubt be to provoke a strike.

❀

CLEARLY the Government has no sympathy with those who cherish the queer delusion that the head of the new Air Department should be a person with some practical knowledge of the subject. It is evident that, in the view of Ministerial wisdom, what is wanted is not an airman, but a chairman.

❀

THAT there are cynical wags among the sartorial authorities at the War Office was shown by Mr. Tennant's statement, the other day, that green has been chosen as the distinguishing colour worn by officers attached to the Intelligence Department. There *have* been occasions, in the course of the war, when the choice—but no matter.

❀

APROPOS of the dapper Under-Secretary for War, those who named him as the probable Chief Secretary for Ireland in the event of Lord Wimborne retaining the Viceroyalty, were apparently hoping that Dublin Castle would enjoy the co-operation of a seasoned Guest and a new Tennant.

❀

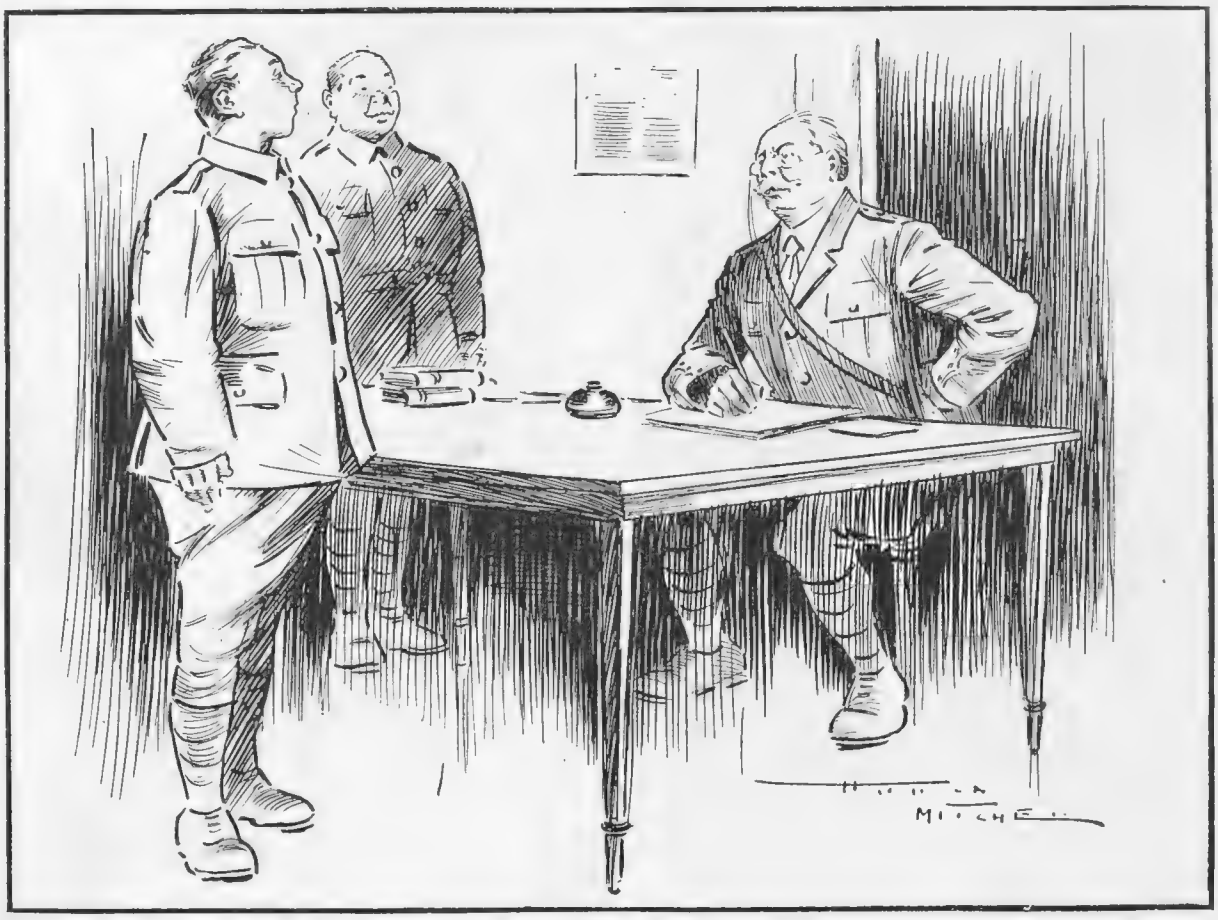
IT is understood that the "director of a large firm of corset-makers" who was last week granted temporary exemption from military service is now known among his friends and *clientèle* as "The Man who *Stays* at Home."

❀

EVEN Mr. Runciman's disquieting announcement that we are very short of timber suggests, to the inveterate optimist, a compensating thought. For, if the shortage grows into famine, we shall at least be deprived of the opportunity of halloa-ing before we are out of the wood.

❀

"MORE Medals" is the latest cry of the chief Press "yelper." Well, there is no objection to more medals; but the really urgent need seems to be for fewer meddlers.



THE PERSONAL TOUCH

OFFICER: "So you object to the way the Sergeant speaks to you, do you?"
RECRUIT: "Well, sir, 'ow would you like to be called an addled-'eaded idiot—supposing you wasn't one, sir?"

Monday Morning's Mistakes

DAYLIGHT SAVING AT SLOCUM-IN-THE-HOLE

BY H. M. BROCK, R.I.

The Bystander in PARIS

"We settled matters of State with intervals of 'say when'"

IT is good to revert to the habits of youth, and so we were enjoying a pickles and cocoa evening in my sky parlour, although, being older now, we had substituted less exciting refreshment for the pickles and cocoa. Perhaps "a pickles and cocoa evening" needs some little explanation. On second thoughts, it only needs a little recollection, for we've all of us been young enough to sit up very late, smoke rather more than was good for us, eat whatever our host happened to have by him, however ill-assorted, such as sardines, oranges, pickles and cocoa, and make plans for the rearrangement of a disordered world. War-time has its leisure evenings, and this one recalled my own pickles and cocoa period. We sat round framed in bookshelves (I often wonder whether if we had finer hearing we should hear the books laughing at the certainty with which we laid down the law), and we settled matters of State with intervals of "say when" and light chatter.

✲

As the smoke clouds grew bluer and thicker we became more earnest. It was then that the Frenchman, who was badly wounded and *réformé*, or discharged, swore an offensive and defensive alliance against Germans and all politicians with the Englishman who was in Paris on a few days leave from a dug-out in the Ypres salient. The Frenchman was a merchant before the war, and hopes to be one again when it is over. The man from Ypres was a manufacturer, and the

"The Frenchman was a merchant before the War"

war has manufactured him. This cryptic remark quite belongs to the cocoa, pickles, and tobacco smoke period, doesn't it? But it only means that he was a junior partner, who did less work and earned more money than was good for him till the war came. Then, as he told me himself, he was a hero for a week, a new boy at school for six months, and training up to manhood under fire has made a man of him at last. He thinks more, talks less, and, above all, does things, now, himself, instead of disapproving everything that others do. I remember, too, that he opened his confession that evening by wondering whether he would ever look at a Vorticist, without laughing, again. I told him I didn't think he ever would, because Vorticists were very nearly extinct. So from the Vorticists we drifted to speculation on the disappearance of super-luxury when the world settles down again to peace. And from such speculation it was only natural that we should become constructive.

✲

As nobody would have any money at all in a few years, we said, unless the blow to the French manufacturing world was healed before the Germans managed to sell off the manufactured goods they are accumulating, something in the nature of allied enterprise would be absolutely necessary to put post-war commerce, and, above all, allied export trade, on a sound basis. In the sky-parlour, under the blue smoke clouds, we founded allied

(Continued on page 348)

MORE "FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE"

Those Tubular Trenches

"Is this right for 'eadquarters?"
"Yes, change at Oxford Circus"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded from page 346*)

Zollvereine, and constituted commercial banks for the extension of allied trade by an organised system of timely loans. We formed a Trades Union which should confine the efforts of the German and the German Swiss hotel servant and waiter to the countries of Kultur. We arranged for the employment, in France, Belgium, Great Britain, and the Colonies of every soldier who had been hurt in the service of his country and of those whose only loss had been that of the wish to work in an office in future. For an hour or more we devoted ourselves to the solution of a few simple questions like these, filled our pipes again (even Frenchmen smoke pipes regularly now), and puffed them for a little while, while we reorganised Parliamentary procedure, both in France and in England. And then the man from Ypres, who had become silent and impatient, burst out with the question, "What about the Consuls?" We all talked at once for several minutes. What we said doesn't matter, but what we tried to express is, I venture to think, rather interesting. We came to the conclusion that the Consular Service needs entire reconstruction, both in France and in England. The wrong kind of men form it, and the work they do is only partly the right work.

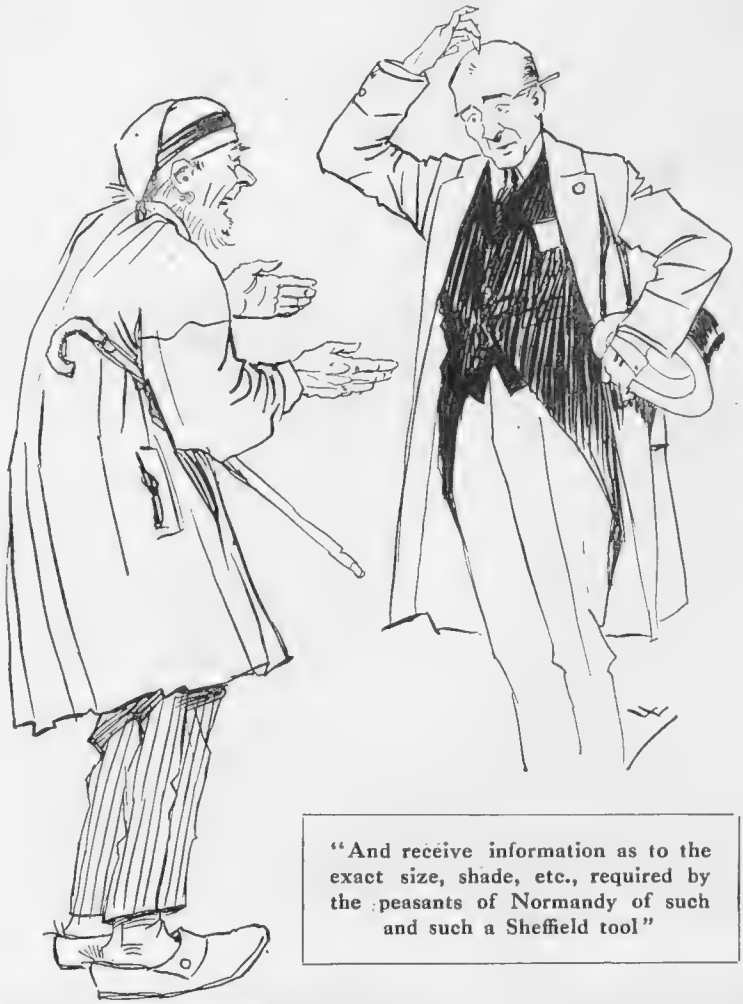
"Nobody would have any money at all in a few years"

We agreed that British Consuls and French Consuls, while no doubt they earned their salaries and fees and were extremely busy people, were not as usefully busy as they might be. We came to the conclusion that every British and French Consulate should be an open inquiry and information office for every British and French tradesman. It should be possible we said, to send a note to H.B.M.'s Consul at Caen and receive information as to the exact size, shape, and features required by the peasants of Normandy of such and such a Sheffield tool. If a railway abroad needed money, the local British or French Consul should, if he thought the business likely to benefit home interests, know how to put that foreign railway in touch with home capitalists. In other words, and to simplify the immense amount we said, French and British Consuls in the future should be counsellors for British and French manufacturers and business men, and should make their work more easy and more easily extensible instead of restricting it by impregnable hedges of barbed wire and red tape. We came to the conclusion that British and French Consuls must think less of brass buttons, honorific ribbons, and the pomp and circumstance of their positions as diplomats in the immediate future, and must be the "inquire within upon everything" for the trade of the Empire and of the Republic.

❋

And having settled the trade of the future on this sound basis, we filled our glasses and our pipes again and discussed Briand, Mademoiselle Mistinguette, the Folies Bergères, Major Brett, the food value of "K" bread, and Sir Roger Casement.

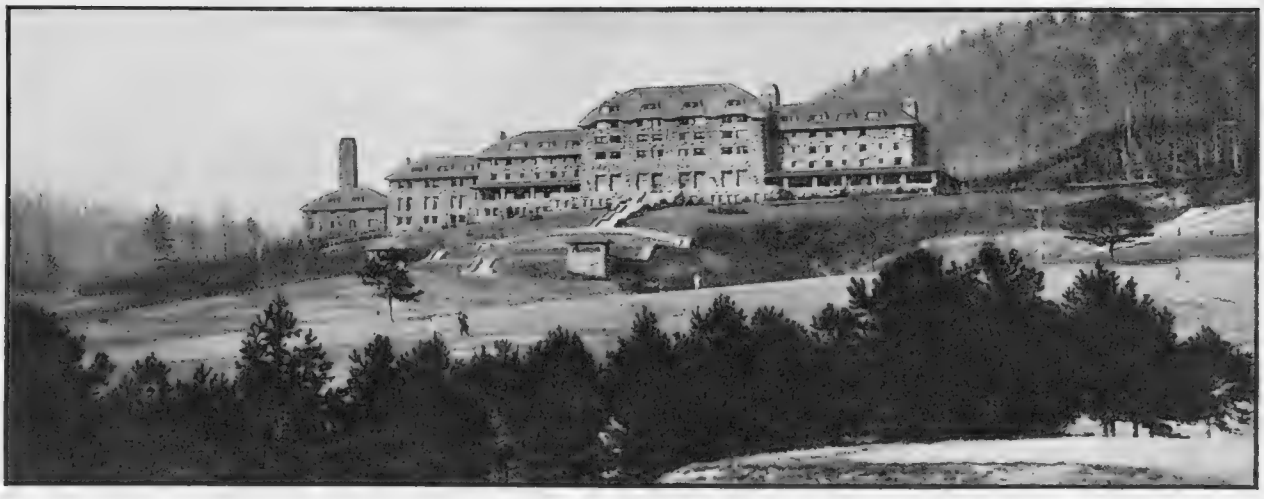
JOHN N. RAPHAEL



"And receive information as to the exact size, shade, etc., required by the peasants of Normandy of such and such a Sheffield tool"

Links With the Past

CURIOUS GAME NOW BEING PLAYED—IN AMERICA



THE gentlemen with the curious implements and standing in the still more curious attitudes depicted below are, it is understood, playing a game called "golf," at Ashville, N.C. This game is said to have been borrowed from England, where, many years ago, historians allege it to have been the favourite diversion of some of our statesmen. It was at one time probably played in Scotland also. Possibly at the end of the War some American missionary may reintroduce it to this country, with its latest improvements. One of the greatest of these would appear to be a change in the size of the ball! Old and rare photographs of the game as it used to be played show that the ball in those days was much smaller. An aged expert tells us that those in the pictures must be "tee-marks." But you know what experts are!

AN OFFICER'S DUG-OUT

A YOUNG SUB

Staff,
Sentri
Surp
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BY AN O
THE

THE STAFF

OH! I SAY!

THE SILHOUETTIST

Lieut. H. L. Oakley produces by means of his silhouettes, cut directly with scissors from paper, a freshness and directness of effect which the artist who uses pen or brush cannot obtain. He has from his nursery days been a keen silhouettist; and his knowledge of drawing and power of observation have, through years of practice, dowered him with the sure and confident touch which is

, Subs,
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OFFICER AT
E FRONT

AN ARCADIAN TOUCH

RATIONS

CLEANING RIFLES

A HEATED ARGUMENT

SENTRIES

A PATROL

T HIMSELF

DIXIE-LAND ("DIXIE" IS THE NAME GIVEN TO TOMMY'S COOKING POT)

BY SECOND-LIEUT. H. L. OAKLEY

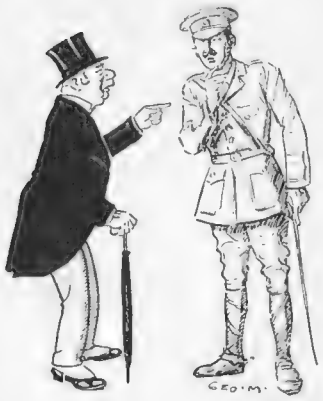
the coping-stone of his art. Lieut. Oakley, after being in the Public Schools Corps at Epsom early in the war, received a Commission and has now been at the Front for seven months. When serving as a private he executed the well-known war posters. "Think!" and "Remember!" —silhouette figures of a soldier and a sailor, respectively, the first for the Army, the second for the Navy Recruiting Committee

Little After

WHAT THE WAR, WHEN IT'S OVER, WII

Militarism in the Tube

WHEN Peace comes down upon us, all of a wallop, as it were, what will happen—I don't mean in high politics or low politics, or Society, or anything of that sort, but right in the midst of us? For instance, there will be millions of people about who have the military gait, the military manner, and—the military mind. How will these people disport themselves in civil life? Take the Tubes. An overwhelming majority of the people who ride or strap-hang in the Tubes will have learned quickness of movement, alertness, and obedience to leadership in emergency. In a crowded Tube carriage, will there continue, after the war, to be that horrible chaos which reigns when the train stops at, say, Victoria or Waterloo? Will precious minutes of Peace-time be wasted while these masses struggle in and out, or will there be some discipline imported into the proceedings?



"Young man, why aren't you in mufti?"

⁂ ⁂

Strap-hangers' Drill

WHAT I hope and expect to see will be some stalwart young fellow with a "trench-eye" suddenly yell out to the assembled strap-hangers "Company, 'shun! Left turn. Those getting out, one pace to the front. Those stopping in, one pace to the rear. Front rank right turn, double march!" The Company itself might, of course, undertake the needful discipline, the conductor being regarded, for the duration of the journey, as sergeant-major. I don't know about providing him with a little knout. Why not? Or, anyway, give him some chains so that he may be able to detain for the rest of the journey anybody not stepping lively at command. In the last train, which is usually the most crowded, the prospect of being carried in chains to Ealing or East Ham will be a powerful incentive to obedience.

⁂ ⁂

The Undefence of the Realm

BEFORE I wrote the above two paragraphs I read over again the Defence of the Realm Act. I was about to write about soldiers, I said to myself. Was anything I was about to write likely to give information to the King's enemies, to prejudice recruiting, discipline, organisation? Now in Peace-time it will be possible to write about soldiers or anything else without thinking of anything at all but just soldiers or anything else. You won't have to end up every article with some such remark as "we want more men," or "nothing matters but to get on with the War." Some journalists will find this freedom at first positively irksome. During the process of demobilisation, will sheer force of habit lead them to conclude their leaders with such sentences as "we need fewer men," or "nothing matters but to get on with the Peace"?

⁂ ⁂

The Slacker, Always

THE habit of seeking about for slackers is sure to survive. In Peace-time, however, it will be the man in khaki who is the exceptional sight. Will his unfamiliarity lead elderly Peace enthusiasts—dug out from the club armchairs—to go up to him and tap him on the shoulder and say, "Young man, why aren't you in mufti? Are you content to let others live for you in offices and sitting-rooms while you go about just as you did in War-time? Bestir yourself! Your ease and comfort need you."

But will some of our ardent upholders of "liberty" be content with the mere repeal of the Defence of the Realm Act? Will they want to go further, and to pass the exact opposite of it—the Undefence of the Realm Act? This will enact, for instance, that it is a crime *not* to show brilliant lights in your windows. Dwellers and walkers in darkness will be arrested as probable Peace-spies. People who pull down the blinds of railway carriages will be arrested unless they produce certificates showing they have been married within a period not exceeding fourteen days.

⁂ ⁂

Lights Up!

THE turning up of the lights will be anything but so acceptable in practice as it may promise to be. Over-age males will discover that their little visits *incognito* to the West End, when their beloved ones at home believe they're with their V.T.C., on their "special" beat or at the munition works, will be no longer so *incognito* as they were in days of war. There

"Awkward acquaintances who let out the fact that they ran against us the other night in Piccadilly"

War Problems

AVE DONE FOR OUR DAILY LIVES

will always be those awkward acquaintances who will, when the lights are up, see us on our pleasure-rounds, and, when next they meet our beloved ones, let out the fact that they ran against us the other night in Piccadilly or Leicester Square. And, confound it,

"I said we ought to have Peace, and we have it. See?"

there won't be the V.T.C., the special beat, or the munition works any more to give us our *alibis!* We shall have to look out for something else. The question is, will Peace provide it, or shall we have to fall back on our old friends, Freemasonry or overtime at the office?

❀ ❀

The Peace Crank in His Element

WHEN Peace comes it will, of course, be the day of the Peace Crank. No matter how long the war lasts, Peace will come one day, and on that day a large number of long-haired spectacled individuals will be going about saying "There, I told you so. I said we ought to have Peace, and we have it. See?" The leading newspapers of the Peace Crank will issue books entitled "Peace-mongerings from the Daily Dove." The Peace Cranks will become just as aggressive in carrying on the Peace as were the War Cranks in carrying on the War, and they may try and make things even more intolerable.

When we walk into a crowded restaurant, theatre, music-hall, or cinema-show will these people write to the daily papers and ask indignantly whether the English people are aware that a Peace is going on? Will people come up to you in the Club and ask how long you really think the Peace will last? Will there be Peace-optimists and Peace-pessimists—people who feel it a matter of honour to regard every item of news, whether it be the report of a prize-fight, a breach of promise case, or a fire in the city, from either the standpoint of one who regards everything as won or everything as lost? If not, whatever will the optimists do with all their optimism and the pessimists with all their pessimism?

❀ ❀

The Strong Silent Humbug

WITH the stoppage of the War the Strong Silent Man will suffer a heavy slump. At present, to say nothing when a war-discussion is going on is to convey the impression that you are a mine of secret information. When the War is over, we shall turn against the S.S.M. "Now then, you insufferable old Sphinx," we shall say to him, "unlock your jolly old jaw, and tell us something just to let us decide whether you ever have known anything at all." And if he remains strong and silent, we shall decide that he has been, for the three years and the duration of the war, a Strong Silent Humbug, who has all along known less than nothing.

❀ ❀

Censorship in Sport?

IT will be a good thing, of course, that there will be no Censorship and no corresponding doctoring of the news. Nevertheless, you won't be able to kill the reporter's or sub-editor's instinct for suppression all at once. It's bound to show itself. Suppose, for instance, a Yorkshireman is reporting a cricket match with Surrey. All his patriotic instinct, released from the service of his country, will bust itself, as it were, on his county. He will be frantically anxious not to encourage the "enemy"—that is, Surrey—by taking his victories at his own valuation. When Yorkshire's crack batsman is bowled in the first over, will the enemy be allowed to think he has scored a decisive victory? Not likely. The good Yorkshire reporter will make it perfectly clear that the crack batsman,

(Continued on page 354)

"We shall turn against the Strong Silent Man"

LITTLE AFTER-WAR PROBLEMS (concluded from page 353)

after successfully drawing the enemy's bowling, decided to "withdraw" in order to "take up a more favourable position on a stronger line in the neighbourhood of the pavilion." The wicket will be said to be

"Seizing the supplies of the enemy"

of "no strategic importance." Should Surrey win by any large number of runs, the figures will be suppressed, only Yorkshire's being given. If Surrey's bowling happens to be unusually violent, it will be called Hunnish frightfulness, and the neutral counties will be invited to send Notes.

❋ ❋

The New Kind of Cricket

AND, talking of cricket, by the way, there is one type of person who will come into his own when he takes the wicket again—I mean the stonewaller. In pre-War days the morning papers devoted daily columns to the abuse of him. People used to complain that he was an infernal bore, and that they didn't go to the Oval or Lord's to see science, but sport. Well, the War will have changed our attitude towards the stonewaller, because it has been a war of stonewallers. The men we have been asked most to admire haven't been the sloggers, but the stayers. We have been asked to regard with enthusiasm the general who "holds" the enemy, and with some scorn him who indulges in smashing tactics. Will not this attitude extend to sport, when Peace comes? Shall we not worship at the shrine of the batsman who "holds" the bowling for weeks on end, and thereby "wears down" the bowler? For cricket matches will last for weeks, will they not? Accustomed as we shall be to agonies long-drawn-out, we shall be little disposed for quick decisions.

❋ ❋

Cricket by Attrition?

WILL the "attrition" theory extend to sport? Will Yorkshire and Surrey, before taking the field, announce that they will fight to the bitter end, and that neither will sheathe the bat until the other has been utterly crushed? Will the winner of the toss take the innings, and directly the enemy has taken up his position on the field *seize his supplies*? Will his lunch be carted away? Will anybody approaching the cricket field with buns, or bananas, or ginger-beer be stabbed or set afire unless he can prove the goods not to be intended for the rival team? Will the pockets of the said rival be searched, his money appropriated, and if anybody objects, will he be told he is a traitor, and that nothing matters but to win the match?

❋ ❋

The Reformation of the Hun

I MUSTN'T end this article without some pointed reference to the enemy. Let us not suppose that, with Peace, the Hun will be any less disciplined a creature of his Kaiser than he is in War. I foresee that the order will go forth over the Fatherland to be in peace—or, at all events, to try to be—the very reverse of everything he has been in war. In war, he has been frightful. In peace, he will be ordered to be a paragon of disciplined gentleness. He will be bidden to be as super-mannish in peace as in war. When he comes to England—if we let him come—it will be no more as a baby-killer, but as a baby-kisser. Our little ones will be in danger of his brutal embraces, his sweetmeats, his kind words. His urbanity will be beyond all bearing. His game will be to prove himself the super-gentleman, and—who knows—he may even learn how to consume a plate of soup like a Christian. The fear of the gifts of the Greeks will be as nothing to our fear of the gentleness of the peace-time German. He will shower upon us his benevolence, and we shall be found saying we preferred his bombs.

VIVIAN CARTER

"His urbanity will be beyond all bearing. His game will be to prove himself the super-gentleman"

Pictorialities (Feminine Dept.)

Where? See Below

VOLUNTEER NURSES, READY FOR DUTY, IN ONE OF THE THEATRES OF WAR

Which one? Well, not anywhere where you are likely to be. They are Texas nurses, whose attentions are reserved for the sick and wounded "boys" back from—Mexico!

Photograph *Bassano*

THE LATEST AND MOST CHARMING PICTURE OF VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE AND FERRARD

Whose presence, even in an official capacity, in Ireland ought to cheer up the country

Why Not Let Him Stay?

THE DEPARTURE TO JOIN THE ARMY OF PERCY GATES, THE "LAST MAN"

Employed on the farm of Mrs. Farrar, at Lingfield, Surrey, a youth of eighteen, leaving four stalwart girls to do the work. Physically speaking, they look at least as fit for the trenches as does Percival

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Boomerang" at the Queen's Theatre

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is a nice gentle little play without any violent shocks in it, and containing much humour of the sober and decorous kind. The story opens in the consulting-room of Dr. Gerald Sumner (Mr. Stanley Logan), a young physician without patients, but with a passion for golf. While he is arguing with his conscience as to whether he shall sit out the remainder of his official consulting hours in solitude, or break away and make up a foursome on the links, a young and lovely lady named Virginia Xelva is introduced. It is not until the doctor has carefully taken particulars of her family history in the true professional way, and is about to proceed to the more interesting details of the case, that the young lady explains that she is not seeking medical advice at all, but has called in answer to an advertisement for a lady secretary.

THE doctor explains that he is looking for someone with the usual secretarial accomplishments and a knowledge of the work of a surgery as well. Virginia (Miss Fay Compton) frankly admits that she has no qualifications of any kind for the post she is seeking. But the obvious fact remains that she is a very fascinating creature, and the doctor begs that she will consider herself engaged on the spot. I have been told that even in the very severe atmosphere of the City itself an expert typist applying for work will sometimes find that the post she coveted has been given instead to a lovely young thing with wavy brown hair who really cannot make up her mind whether she can use the typewriter or not, because she has never tried, don't you know. I do not attempt to explain the phenomenon, because I have never been a man of business.

PRESENTLY the doctor gets a real patient. He is a young man named Guy Woodbridge, who is threatened with nervous breakdown. It appears that he is very much in love, and is beset by a perpetual fear that a hated rival is trying to rob him of his heart's desire—which is the name poets give to the girl who has made up her mind to marry you anyway, if she has to go out and buy the ring herself. A good deal of mild fun is

got out of the process of sticking a clinical thermometer in the patient's mouth, and making him recline in a surgical chair. Finally, the prescription is given. Guy must spend most of his time taking exercise in the open air, and also put in a couple of hours a day with the punchball. The result of this treatment promises to be not only beneficial to the patient, but should prove tolerably exciting to the hated rival as well. A part of the "cure" is that Miss Virginia shall give up her secretarial work, and act as Guy's nurse. At first it seemed as if the doctor's remedy for love were that Guy should take a hair of the dog that bit him, as they say in sportive circles; that is, that the best cure for being jilted is to fall in love with another girl. And they are so plentiful just now.

BUT it doesn't happen like that at all. At the end of a month Guy's physical fitness has naturally improved; but he is more in love with the jilter than ever. This is where George Preston, the hated rival, is concerned. As a matter of fact, George was never a serious rival; but he has the reputation of being a man who fascinates the ladies, and he has got to live up to it. It happens that George is a member of a firm of solicitors who believe that Virginia Xelva is heiress to a frightful lot of money. In order that Virginia shall be able to prove her identity she proposes to go to London with George and make the necessary affidavits. This is where the boomerang quality of the play comes in. Dr. Sumner ridiculed Guy's fears of losing his girl to George; but the moment the doctor hears that George is going to London with Virginia, it is his turn to show all the signs of unreasoning jealousy; for he has found out that he is in love with Virginia himself.

THE play, which terminates in a very charming love-scene (to say nothing of a really sweet kiss), is chiefly remarkable for the very competent acting of Miss Fay Compton as Virginia. Mr. Kenneth Douglas, who is the young man Guy, supplies most of the material for laughter in his own inimitable way, and Mr. Stanley Logan is quite convincing as the doctor, especially in his jealous moods. Perhaps a greater interest might have been given to the very slight story by a more liberal display of wit in the dialogue; but in these days we must take the good the gods provide, and let it go at that. JINGLE

This new play by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, at the Queen's Theatre, contains plenty of quiet humour, much of which is extracted from the way in which a man who has gained a reputation as a lady-killer feels impelled to live up to it

"CARRY ON!"

A BYSTANDER WEEKLY REVUE

ACT III.

SCENE I.: A MASQUERADE DE LUXE

[*Curtain rises and discovers a multitude of smart women disguised as celebrated theatrical stars.*]

CHORUS:

Oh, doesn't it make you feel merry and bright
To know that the Suburbs are pleased at the sight
Of Society, iety, fol the rol liety,
Doing its bit, without shunning the light!
Oh, it's Art, Art, Art, with a capital A
Is a jolly excuse for a frolic to-day,
If it's in a good cause—fol the rol the lol lay!
Fol the lol the rol, fol the rol, lol the rol, lay!

* * *

[*The Duchess of Broadstairs, disguised as Pavlova, jumps about the stage until she and the audience are tired out.*]

CHORUS:

Oh, isn't it dinkie, and isn't it cheap,
To give the dear Public the teeniest peep
At Society, iety, fol the rol liety,
Playing the goat, and amusing the sheep.
Oh, it's Art, Art, Art, with a capital A!
The smartest young woman can write a poor play,
And act in it too—fol the rol the lol lay!
Fol the lol the rol, fol the rol, lol the rol, lay!

⁂ ⁂

[*Mrs. Dick Brown-Smith, disguised as Wilkie Bard, gives her famous imitation of a jödel, at the first note of which the scene changes to*]

SCENE II.: THE POLITE LETTER-WRITER

[*The Right Hon. Archibald Nonesuch is discovered "doing his bit" at the office of the Air Ministry, Whitehall. Enter Mr. Codham Bloater, his secretary, obviously eligible and presumably indispensable. Mr. Bloater coughs and Archibald awakens.*]

NONESUCH: Ah, Bloater, that you? Right O. I thought it was that awful deputation come back.

BLOATER: I've brought a letter to the Provost for your signature.

NONESUCH: Good! Just cough it over, will you.

BLOATER (*reading from MS.*): "Sir, with reference to the matter with which you dealt this morning, I have to say that the subject is receiving my attention.—Yours, etc."

NONESUCH: My dear Bloater, really, you know! Dash it all, that'll never do.

BLOATER: It's the usual——

NONESUCH: The usual! Are you aware, Bloater, that there is a war on, and nothing is the usual? There, sit down, and I'll dictate:—"My dear Mundelbury." Got it? Good. Now we'll go ahead. "Cheer O!" What's the matter now?

BLOATER: Ought you to say "Cheer O!" to a perfect stranger?

NONESUCH: Certainly. Why not? "Cheer O! What beautiful weather we are having, are we not? As I write these few lines the birds are singing, at least I think they're birds, but it may be the First Lord of the Admiralty. But to be sure." Another paragraph. "From the naval and military point of view the raids to which I understand you take exception have been singularly futile. But, of course, as you justly pointed out, the victims, who do not take either long or broad views, are asking what we are going to do about it. May I take the liberty of reassuring them? Our arrangements are already so far advanced that I should think it nearly improbable, I might even say, almost unlikely, that our enemy would often again venture to essay what has always been, and will be more so now, a perilous adventure." Another paragraph. "The German method, as you no doubt know, has been to send a fleet, or flock, of Zeppelins over to drop bombs on undefended places, and then to return full speed to the Fatherland. But that is only part of the story. Having reached the Fatherland the flock, or fleet, reload and repeat the manœuvre. So futile of them. It would be unfitting to go into particulars, but I hope I have made it clear that if our enemy be wise he will behave more circumspectly as the years roll by. —Believe me, my dear Mundelbury, to be your very affectionate friend, etc." There, have a fair copy made and bring it back for my signature.

⁂ ⁂

[*Bloater staggers off and Nonesuch composes himself for another nap. Scene changes to*]

SCENE III.: THE SERENADERS

[*Twenty-three persons carrying guitars are discovered in the courtyard of a hotel. At an upper window the shadow of Mr. Hughes is from time to time cast upon the blind.*]

SERENADE: "WHEN ARE YOU GOING HOME?"

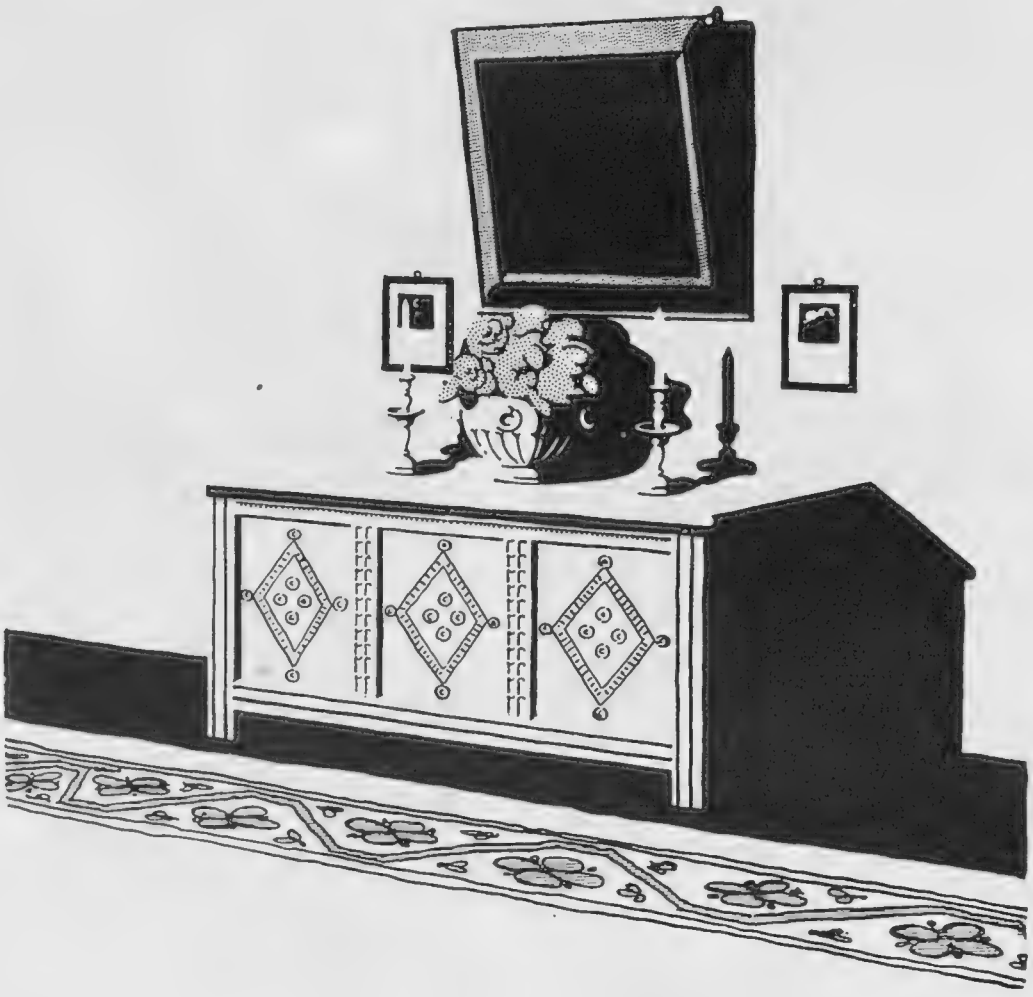
Dear Hughes, you know how pleased we are
By all your merry hits—
You are, you really are, by far
The most accomplished, popular
And jovial of wits.
Our feelings we severely mask
As on and on you roam,
Explaining what should be our task;
It's kind of you—but may we ask.
When *are* you going home?

. . . .

Your straight remarks on German trade
And how to root it out,
The skilful plans that you have laid,
Your sugar scheme, we're much afraid,
Will make our people doubt;
Aye, make them doubt, and, so to say,
Come at us with a comb,
And comb us out—a nasty way
Constituents have—so tell us, pray,
When *are* you going home?

[*Mr. Hughes's window is thrown up, and a jugful of water is thrown out.*]

[FURTHER SCENES NEXT WEEK]



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The Vision Feminine

The Rise of the Flapper

BY "EFEMERA." *Illustrated by Hill Clarke*

I SUPPOSE this might be called the day of the flapper. Certainly in no other age has the very young girl enjoyed such latitude and general prominence. It is true that a century or two ago the young girl was very much the thing, at least, if one may judge by the heroines beloved of the older novelists, who may be supposed to have reflected the social life of their period. But in those times the heroine was trotted out and put through her paces strictly with a view to matrimony. That was the immediate end and aim of her existence. She settled down, after a more or less formal wooing, to the responsibilities of married life at the unripe age of fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen.

❊ ❊

When Girls Were Missish

HER flirtation essays were the subject of moral disquisitions, not to mention severe snubs from a watchful mamma. Maidenly modesty and a correct deportment were her chief assets, inculcated at exaggerated length. Initiative on her part was discouraged, if not absolutely suppressed. Altogether she was a rather colourless young person best described by the adjective "missish." Later, she became the "chit"—and unconsidered trifle, overshadowed by her marriageable sister of eighteen or so.

"For preference she hunts in couples"

Out For a Good Time

THE case of the miss or chit of to-day is very different. She is no longer repressed—for the simple reason that she is quite irrepressible. Her name alone shows sufficiently clearly the change in her status. In order to flap you must have a certain amount of space at your disposal, be at a loose end—freedom is what it means, actually a liberty that not infrequently degenerates into licence. The flapper enjoys entire immunity from responsibility. Marriage looms as a distant possibility: gone are the days when one became a hopeless old maid at five-and-twenty. She has no duties, no ties; nothing more serious than the pursuit of her own pleasure engages her attention.

❊ ❊

Discipline Done With

SHE is out for a good time, and it is not her fault if she does not get it. Maternal discipline is in abeyance; miss shrugs away criticism and admonition with complete indifference, if not contemptuous scorn. In fact, the tables are turned; it is she who rebukes her mother for her old-fashioned ideas and ways, who imparts to her grandmother gratuitous advice on the art of sucking eggs in the most up-to-date manner. The past generation are to her old fogeys whose crotchets may, in kindly spirit, be humoured, or preferably ignored. She is independent, a law unto herself.

❊ ❊

Her German Counterpart

SHE dresses as she pleases, goes out when and with whom she pleases, spends her pocket-money with no reference to anyone but herself. Nothing like her has ever existed, or exists out of Anglo-Saxon countries. The German *Backfisch* is a mild, sentimental creature in comparison—even the name *Backfisch* (baked fish) suggests something passive, waiting to be picked up. No such supine rôle for the flapper—she is activity personified. Self-assertion is the key-note of her existence; she revels in it.

(*Continued on page 362*)

THE BURBERRY

"What the Officer needs is a Burberry Weatherproof."—THE TIMES

RAIN-PROOF.—The BURBERRY provides a dry and comfortable shelter against rain and all damp.

WIND-PROOF.—Owing to the density of the cloths, it excludes wind better than leather.

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is milk and cream as well—and serves every purpose of the two. Its "thickness" comes solely from the useless moisture having been extracted — add water and it is milk again.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.
Cash price, 4d. and 7½d. per tin.

THE VISION FEMININE (concluded from page 360)

The Habits of the Creature

FOR all her independence the flapper is the most imitative creature in existence. Collectively she has achieved a type. Her habits equally with her appearance are so unvaried as almost to constitute a sort of etiquette. For preference she hunts in couples. She frequents populous streets—the neighbourhood of the theatres is a favourite haunt, particularly of an afternoon. Her passage is marked by giggles of an inane or even provocative nature, and the exercise of a roving eye, often abnormally large and limpid. It is an open question whether this exaggeration in the size and mobility of the eye is the result of constant practice or merely a fortuitous development. Her skirts are very, very short, her hair long, her boots incredibly high.

"For the simple reason that she is quite irrepressible"

Dramatic Instinct

FROM my own observation I am led to believe that the flapper nourishes herself chiefly on sweets of the baser sort. She indulges her dramatic sense by repeated visits to the "pictures," worship of her idol, Charlie Chaplin, and by the purchase of postcards representing favourites of the footlights. Almost invariably she is a walking "Who's Who" of the stage; she has at her finger-tips the whole history, public and private, of dramatic luminaries in general, and particularly those adorning musical comedy.

Paint and Powder

IT is from the professional appearance of these, I suppose, that the flapper has contracted her passion for make-up. It is no rare occurrence to perceive on the face of the maiden of unbashful fifteen enough paint and powder to do duty for a whole beauty chorus. The more the merrier seems to be her motto—in any case she gilds the lily with a vengeance. Why she should do it no one knows, for generally, notwithstanding her unhygienic diet, she is possessed of quite a decent little complexion of her own.

Hope for the Flapper

PERHAPS you think I have drawn the portrait of a monster—I deny it. In spite of her precocious vulgarity, her intolerable pretensions, and her overdeveloped impertinence, the flapper is not a bad little girl—at least, not yet. What she chiefly needs and what I hope for her own sake she will get, is a timely application of the spanker and the old-fashioned intimation that the less notice she attracts to herself the better. A little wholesome discipline of the brand favoured by our grandmothers would do her a world of good, and incidentally change her from a nuisance to a promising member of society.

EFEMERA

Photograph *Wrather and Buys*

SOME DRUM-MAJOR!

Lewis Douglas and the Pick-a-Dilly dancers in "Pick-a-Dilly," the bright Revue at the London Pavilion

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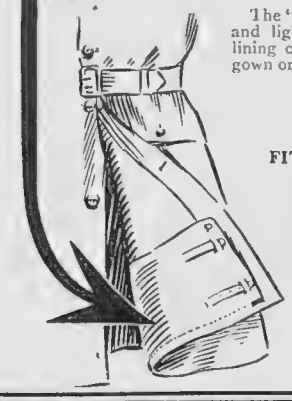

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Ruritania Rediviva!

THE NEW DALY'S PIECE THAT ABOLISHES THE WAR

WHAT I liked most about *The Happy Day* was the deliciously contemptuous way in which it abolished the European War, and converted myself and other super-patriots (for one night) into neutrals more neutral than the Dutchest of Dutchmen or the Chilliest of Chilians.

⁂ ⁂

IT all takes place, mark you, in a quarter of Europe that has been in the occupation of armed legions for the greater part of two years—the regions vaguely known as Ruritania. Here, in these regions, we are invited to believe the business of topsy-turvydom continues as usual, as though there were no such things as the Austro-German-Russian-Serbian-Anglo-French-Bulgarian armies. Here, young tweed-clad Englishmen can still frequent night-clubs, corrupt officials can still fill their pockets with pelf, and beauteous and frightfully expensive-looking maidens can still find nothing more strenuous to do than stroll and sing and dance and smile around.

⁂ ⁂

I WONDER if the enemy can be "informed" (in defiance of the Act) of the fact that at our leading London light-opera house we have simply wiped him and his destroying sword off the face of Central Europe, and installed in place of them the forces of the executors of the late Mr. George Edwardes? If so, will he resort to reprisals, perhaps, and put on one of the Berlin stages a representation which similarly abolishes England? Or perhaps some cynic will say that no comic opera could possibly depict England of to-day as more comic-operatic than she actually is. However.

MISS WINIFRED BARNES

Who plays the part of the young Princess in "The Happy Day" with vivacity and charm

Camera Portraits *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS UNITY MORE

In a particularly fetching uniform, at Daly's Theatre

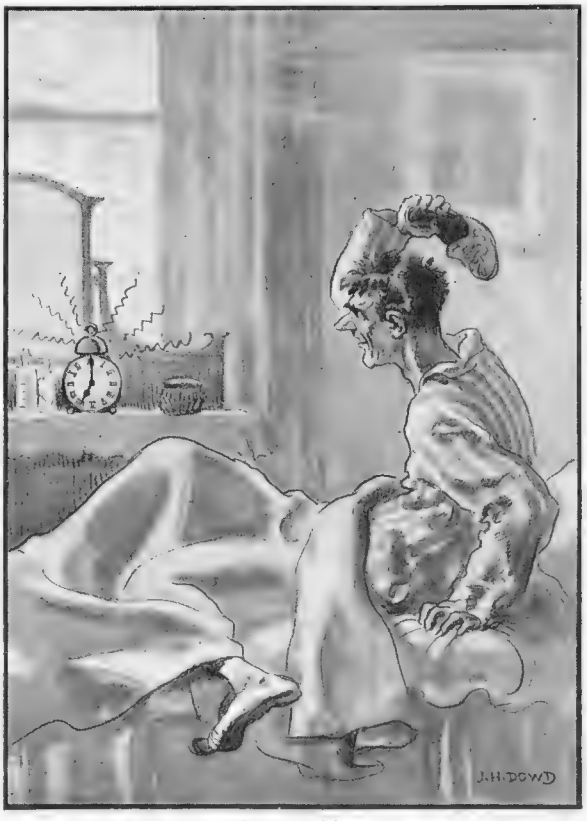
⁂ ⁂

THE play has a plot as trained to its rôle in a musical comedy as the harshest of drill sergeants could make it: that is to say, a plot which enters the trench just at the right moment, and retreats again, never staying a moment longer amidst the fire of song and dance and patter than is safe. The young Prince, forced to marry the young unknown Princess, hides in night-life, there to meet the girl of his heart, which girl turns out, when the wedding comes, to be the Princess herself.

(Continued on page 366)

RURITANIA REDIVIVA! (*concluded from page* 365)

IN a war-free Ruritania of the old style, this lends itself to all the needful treatment, and the light relief is provided by Mr. G. P. Huntley in quite a new kind of rôle. He has dropped the Huntley voice and acquired a sort of American accent, the origin of which is likely to inspire Colonel Roosevelt to set forth on another prolonged tour of exploration. Mr. Huntley is a fugitive from the justice of one Inspector-General Tobolsk, of Valaria, who, on arrival in the Galanian capital, is mistaken for Tobolsk himself, and treated with the proper respect by the Court, itself in equal terror of the tyrannical Inspector. Later on the real Tobolsk appears and—there you have it! With "G. P." is Mr. Lauri de Freece, which means what you can imagine in the way of fun and amusement.



"LIAR!"
(An episode of the morning of May 21st, 1916)

MISS WINIFRED BARNES is the Princess and Mr. Arthur Wontner the Prince. But Mr. Wontner doesn't sing, so the Princess has been thoughtfully provided with another lover (*pro tem.*), who does, so that Messrs. Jones and Monckton get what they want in the sentimental ditty department. Then there is Miss José Collins, who provides Mr. Wontner with his little subsidiary love affair, she being the Queen of the Bohemia which he frequents on the night of nights. Superbly splendid is all this Bohemian business, and small wonder that with the refrain of the "Bohemia-hemia-hemia" valse we went off our heads, in anticipation that, some day soon, there may be that sort of thing again in London—when the lights go up, as another song suggests.

"THE HAPPY DAY" contains a greater wealth of really good light music than has come from English composers since the *Geisha* series, and if that is the kind of thing our own composers can give us, it should be many a long day before the Viennese need trouble us again. And not a "rag" in it. Will Dr. Wilson stand this? V. C.

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MUFTI

The mufti styles of the House are by Dennis Bradley, who designs not only all garments but the materials from which they are made.

It is interesting to observe that officers invalided or on leave are ordering the latest mufti materials produced. This indicates that after the war there will be a renaissance in men's dress, which this House has persistently advocated for years.

The minimum prices for Mufti are:—Lounge Suits from **4½ guineas.** Evening Suits from **7 guineas.** Light weight Overcoats from **4 guineas.**

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Matters Musical

CLARA BUTT'S CONCERTS

CHARITY, it may be truly said in these times, covers not only a multitude of sins, but a multitude of concerts—at least we hope so! For, otherwise, what palliation or excuse may be urged for, let us say, 90 per cent. of the concerts in question it seems impossible to imagine. But for once Charity in general or, more likely perhaps, Clara Butt in particular has elected to treat music as an ally rather than a dependant. Indeed, the six performances of Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* at the Queen's Hall a week or so back were admirable in every particular.

⁂ ⁂

WE have, both during and just before the war, behaved in the most extraordinary manner towards Elgar's music. First we went into quite unnecessary hysterics over the two symphonies and the violin concerto, then we gradually (and not so very gradually either) forgot them and made up our minds, apparently, not only to hear them as rarely as possible, but never again to listen to any other composition by our most celebrated composer. I shall never forget the empty seats at the first performance of *Falstaff*, quite one of Sir Edward's most attractive works; they bore eloquent testimony to the fickleness and utter lack of curiosity of the British public.

⁂ ⁂

COMPARISONS are odious, and nobody, in any case, wants to read anybody else's views on *The Dream of Gerontius* at this time of day, but, without expatiating on its obvious merits, I feel bound to say that *To Women* and *For the Fallen* are far from being an improvement on the earlier work. Of course, they are *musique d'occasion*, but, then, so have been most of the masterpieces of the world. Moreover, *d'occasion* or not, could any inspiration be more moving than the sufferings of the war? True, *For the Fallen* had one unforgettable moment. Whether it was Agnes Nicholls, the singer, or Edward Elgar, the composer, who was primarily responsible for the wonderful effect of the words "We will remember them" it is difficult to say on one hearing. But the effect was there, and it was sublime—which is all that matters. Indeed, I have very little doubt, though it is dangerous to dogmatise on a first performance, that *For the Fallen* is just as much better than the other poem musically as it assuredly is poetically.

⁂ ⁂

AS to the performers little can be said at this late date. Agnes Nicholls has already been mentioned. Along with her in the front rank go Gervase Elwes—and the Leeds Chorus, incredibly good as ever. The part of the Angel seems to me to lie just too high to give Clara Butt's voice the best possible opportunity. The baritones I did not care for so much, especially Mr. Herbert Brown, who was too boisterous, and really, if I may be allowed to say so, too professional-minded to make a sympathetic Priest.

FRANCIS TOYE

"DE MAJOR"

What do I think of the past two years? Ah, *waarlyk!* what changes . . . . . Liège, Namur, Anvers, the Yser, and now England for a rest. What interests me most in Englishmen? It is that they look contented and that they always smoke. I am told that they look contented because they smoke. I have been given one of their cigarettes called Cavanders 'Army Club' and *nu verstaan ik* (now I understand) it is the Cigarette that makes them feel contented.

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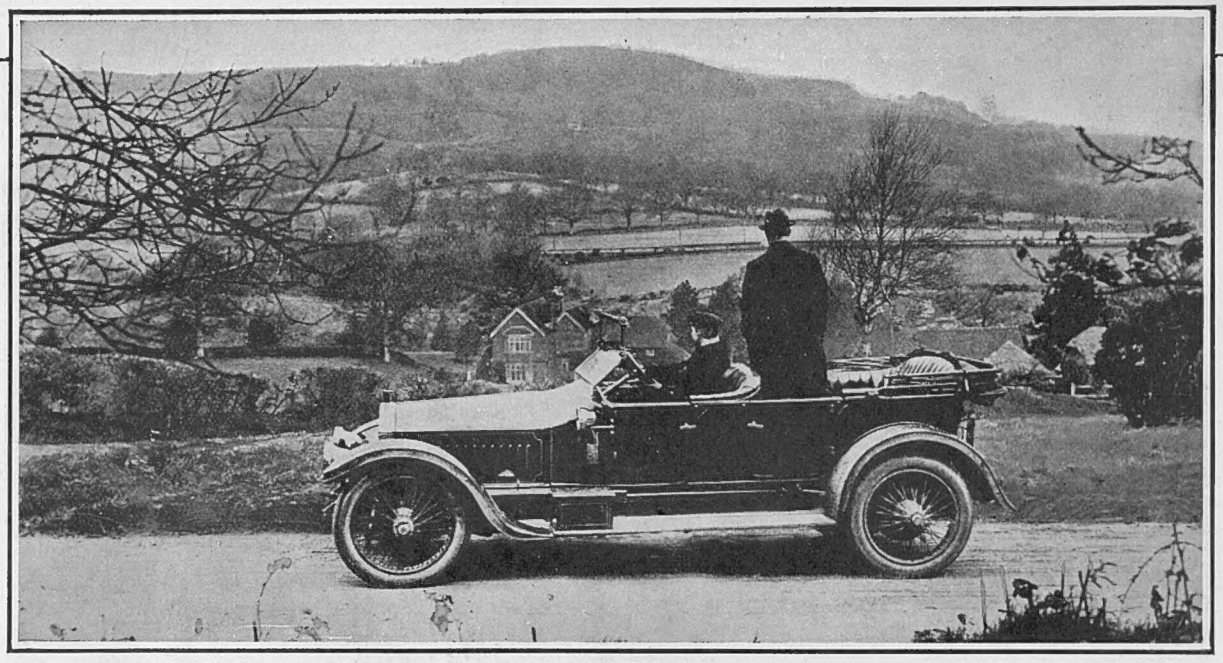

IN ENGLAND NOW

A 30-35 h.p. six-cylinder Napier car, on the road not far from Haslemere. Standing in this car is Mr. T. W. Murphy, who accompanied the present writer and this type of Napier car on its famous Alpine test in 1913

Motoring and Some Military Matters

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A Corps of Mechanical Engineers

MR. BERRIMAN, of the Daimler Company, has an excellent idea concerning the formation of a corps of mechanical engineers. All qualified men now being released by engineering factories would pass straight into the corps, and thereafter be drafted wherever their services were most required. We have the Royal Engineers. We have the Mechanical Transport Department of the A.S.C.; but these do not cover the whole ground. Mr. Berriman's scheme suggests, imprimis, a Directorate to collect, classify, and keep track of, the skilled engineering *personnel* of the country. Then, if the Aeronautical Inspection Department required examiners and inspectors; or men were wanted to maintain material in the field for the R.F.C. or the M.T., A.S.C. (both are lacking men for this work, and there is tremendous waste of efficiency and stores as a consequence); or engineers were urgently demanded in this shell factory or that engine or gun-making plant; or the artillery or infantry were short of such skilled assistance as very frequently they are, they would have a reservoir to tap.

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In Defence of Heterodoxy

IT would not be a matter of conscripting or militarising the engineering force of the country. This corps would be an auxiliary, although necessarily it must have a military or naval status when on military or naval duty, coming back to the reserve and civil conditions when transferred to civilian occupation in munition factories. To have a hybrid corps of this description may not consort with orthodox conceptions of military organisation; but we need not worry about orthodoxy if there are no other real reasons against the suggestion. I know of none; but, then, I am not a military person. I know lots against orthodoxy. If we reverted to the orthodoxy of August, 1914, we should lose the war in a few months. Most of whatever has been achieved has come through heterodoxy. Therefore it is not the least bit of good endeavouring to fix methods to-day, because to-morrow we may have to unfix them again or perish. Here, in this Engineering Corps, is the germ of an organisation of tremendous utility, an organisation from the lack of which we may be suffering in the efficiency department. If there is no other objection to it than that of orthodoxy and we allow orthodoxy, called, vulgarly, red tape, to win, so much the worse for us and our chance of success.

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Night Marching

THE Army Council notifies that troops on the march at night along public highways will invariably be preceded by an advanced party carrying a white light and be covered in the rear by another party carrying a red light. This wise precaution, of special interest to motorists and other vehicular travellers after dark, is a product of representations by the Commercial Motor Users Association. Motorists obliged to run with lights reduced below efficiency power should take particular care, in passing either the front or rear squad, never to forget that it is covering men who are marching without a light at all. Therefore, when overtaking the rear party, keep well out in the road and gang warily until past the front squad. To forget and turn in to the near side again may run you into the main body. I suggest front and rear parties should march close up to the main body, not in order to relieve the motorist from the necessity for remembering, but in order to remove all possibility of danger to the men which neither the motorist nor any other decent person would desire to inflict. There is always an outside possibility the driver might not know of the Army Council's arrangement, or that, under the distraction of some special condition, he might forget. Motorists meeting the white light must keep right over on their right (left) side lest they make a "special condition" for the other motorist overtaking the troops. The latter will probably have to keep well over the crown of the road, and he may involuntarily turn in if he sees another car apparently coming straight down at him as if expecting him to give way.

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Dunlop Dividends

DUNLOPS declare the usual half-yearly interim dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum. Warrants will be posted in May.—The Parent Tyre Company declare an interim dividend at 5 per cent. on the 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares.

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